

The Weekly Museum.

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HORMONA; or, The GRATEFUL SLAVE.—A Moral Tale.

[Concluded from our last.]

DESCRIPTION is unequal to the task of conveying an adequate idea of Hormona's look and appearance while Mendez was speaking. He seemed like the statue of Amazement; and when Mendez was silent, he appeared as if he had just awoke from a dream.—“Is it possible,” exclaimed he, the tear of affection stealing down his cheek, “is it possible that a Spaniard can think and feel for the woes of a Peruvian? Have they sympathetic hearts? Ah, no! it cannot be! Heaven to show that nothing is beyond its power, form'd one benevolent and humane! Forgive me, then, ye illustrious shades! ye mighty dead! if I forget your wrongs, and love that one Spaniard!”

“Hear me, Hormona,” interrupted Mendez! “Mankind is every where the same: The bad are intermixed with the good, and their number is but too considerable; yet we are not thence to conclude that all are bad. It was unhappy for Peru and Mexico that the Spaniards who conquered them were destitute of Humanity; but believe me, the rest of the nation hold them in detestation and abhorrence. Lay aside your prejudices, and permit me to assure you, that there are hundreds among us who would be glad to do you that good office which you so much admire in me.”

The mind of the Peruvian was open to conviction, and he acquiesced in the sentiments of Mendez. He staid at Lima about a week, and then became impatient to return to his country. Mendez offered to provide him with conveniences for the journey, but he would accept of nothing more than a Peruvian habit, with a fowling-piece and some ammunition. “Farewell!” said he, taking his benefactor by the hand; “I shall never see you again, but I shall always remember you with love and gratitude. The infants of my nation shall lip your name and it shall be repeated among those of our ancestors when we sacrifice at the Rock of Morfan.” He parted with a heart surcharged with affection, and left Mendez to the enjoyment of that satisfaction which arises from the exercise of virtue.

At the beginning of the following year Mendez was at his country house near Cusco. One morning as he was riding alone thro' the vast tract of wood which covers the foot of the Andes, he strayed beyond his usual limits, and found himself in a grove, the beauty of which enchanted him. The eye was captivated with a profusion of vivid plants unknown to colder climates: The Orange, Plantane, and the beauteous Anana diffused an enlivening fragrance; and at a distance thro' the trees appeared a cascade, which, after foaming over a rocky descent, was precipitated into a lake below. The sublime and beautiful were united in this pleasing scene, and Mendez felt his affections expand to the immense Author of Nature. That animating enthusiasm which great minds alone are capable of, which admits the soul as it were to immediate converse with the Deity, had taken possession of his faculties.

*O thou immortal source of loveliness,
How shall I speak thy praise? thou great perfection!*

*How infinite! beyond the narrow grasp
Of all created beings.—The universe,
The vast expanded frame of animation,
All, all united, never can express
Thy boundless attributes. For thou thyself
Thou only know'st, and canst declare thy praise!*

As Mendez repeated these lines, ten armed Peruvians rushed out of a thicket and seized him. They immediately killed his mule, and threw the carcass into the lake; and, after tying the hands of Mendez, they led him away in triumph thro' a variety of passes into the inmost recesses of the mountains. They travelled till evening, when at length they arrived at a cultivated plain of about four leagues in circumference, which was quite environed with lofty mountains. The tribes came forth to meet them. They testified their joy at an accident which afforded a captive Spaniard to sacrifice at the tomb of Quimayto. They led him with shouts and clamours to their temple. It was a rude edifice built with stones of an enormous magnitude. The unhappy Mendez was stretched upon the altar, and the Priest, with a ferocious and malignant joy, prepared the fatal knife. “Wretch,” said the hoary murderer, “now shalt thou feel some of those intolerable pangs which thy accursed race have inflicted on the children of the Sun:—now shall thy sinews shrink from the scorching flames, and thy flesh quiver beneath the deep-inflicted wound of the sharp flint:—and oh ye murdered Heroes of Peru, illustrious descendants of our holy Incas, regard propitious this instance of the remembrance we pay to your sufferings and your wrongs! Teach me, for ye have woefully experienced, to torture this Demon, this Spaniard: inspire me with tenfold hatred and revenge, that I may make a sacrifice grateful to your souls, and worthy the injuries ye have patiently endured.”

The cry of Revenge rang thro' the multitude. The very children caught the wild anguish and enmity of their parents, while the Priest renewed the memory of their forefathers, and only waited his signal with their brands to kindle the devouring fire.

And now an awful silence reigned through the crowd: the mothers held up their babes to behold the blood of the Spaniard sprinkled on the walls of their Temple: the arm of the executioner was raised; it was descending, when a voice, in the piercing accent of distress, broke through the stillness of the people, and cried, “Stop, Yapedo! rash man, forbear!”—It was the voice of Hormona, the voice of their chief.—He had heard the shouts of the Peruvians: he hastened to discover the cause. He rejoiced to see a Spaniard extended on the altar of Morfan, and ran to assist at the sacrifice.—He approached—he started—he beheld the face of Mendez, his benefactor, his deliverer; and his soul sunk within him at his danger.—“Stop!” he cried, “Yapedo! rash man! forbear! forbear!” and flung his intervening body to shelter his extended, his beloved friend.

Who can describe the visage of Hormona, when he raised the rescued Mendez from the earth? Who can tell the gratitude of the Peruvians, when he gave him to them as his deliverer from the rude hand of tyranny and the disgraceful whip? “It is Mendez,” said Hormona; “brethren, it is my friend, the friend of my Man, and of the Peruvians! He delivered me from bondage and from death, and sent me to my kindred, and my people. The name of Mendez, the deliverer of Hormona, was known among the tribes; they were struck with horror at the murderous act of ingratitude they had almost perpetrated; they fell prostrate at his feet, and with wild anguish begged his forgiveness: they rose, admired, loved, and adored him!”

Mendez remained a week with the Indians, who, finding his manners and principles so different from the idea which they had formed of the Spaniards, were glad to acquiesce in every thing he thought proper to offer for their advantage. A treaty of commerce and friendship was established between them and the Spaniards; by which the latter have not only got rid of a troublesome enemy on their frontiers, but likewise derive great advantage by trading with them for gold and emeralds.

Thus the benevolence and virtue of one man could accomplish what the politics of the fraudulent might in vain have attempted. Happy would it be for mankind, if maxims so obvious, and principles so gratifying to the well-turned mind, were rather more general! But the present interest, with most men, outweighs all distant considerations, however great; and it is, perhaps, impossible to convince the world in general, that conscience and interest are perfectly reconcilable to each other.

IDEA of a HAPPY MAN.

Written by himself.

I Am in possession of an excellent recipe, by the means of which I am always happy, and being ever ready to contribute to the relief of my fellow creatures, shall, without hesitation, communicate it to the public. It consists of two drachms of reason, three ounces of virtue, mixed with a large dose of good humour; this admirable medicine keeps my senses and passions in proper calm, and in the midst of splendour and wealth I live free from the pangs of envy or the tumults of ambition.

I rise every morning with a heart full of gratitude to the Supreme Being: I call on my neighbours and friends around me, tell them my thoughts, my desires, and urge them to perform the duties their different stations in life exact of them; the idea of to-morrow never troubles me, I regard it as an uncertain being on whom I can have no claim, and which it may please the author to refuse me; I look on every moment I pass as awarded me by his bounty, and thus know the value of time; if sorrow knocks at my door, I am not at home; am I in want of money, I invoke Providence as my only banker, and am never disappointed; am I ill, temperate diet and

exercise soon cure me; if I am in danger of dying, I feel no dread; a good man soon prepares for his journey; if one tells me I am ill spoken of, I tell them it is my turn to day, it may be theirs to-morrow; If we afflict ourselves at being spoken ill of, the whole world may go into mourning.

For the WEEKLY MUSEUM.

Mr. Harriſſon,

Give the following a place, and you will much oblige a Subscriber.

BEING present at the fire on Monday morning last, I was surprized and delighted at the activity of the firemen, who, regardless of that dreadful and devouring element seemed to live in the flames, through which they rushed, at the eminent risk of their lives, to save the property of their fellow citizens from ruin and devastation.—And yet, will you believe it, on application being made, by some of them, when wet and cold, to W*****S, who lives not many miles from the Ferry-Stairs, for a glass of gin it was refused them, altho they pledged their words for the payment, unless the money was paid down.—But this is not all, Humanity recoils at the idea of what followed. A sick woman, with her infant in her arms, just escaped from her house, which was then in flames, was refused admittance by this barbarian—this fiend of inhumanity. It seems almost impossible that such a wretch exists in human form. The unfortunate sufferer was readily admitted into the house of Mr. O. Webb, who treated her with tenderness and hospitality, truly characteristic of a benevolent mind. While we reflect with pleasure on the conduct of this gentleman and a number of others, who live in the neighbourhood, we again look back, with horror and detestation at the conduct of W*****S, whose name is unworthy being enrolled among the citizens of New-York.

Jan. 10, 1792.

A CITIZEN.

ANECDOTE of DR. JOHNSON.

BY MRS. PIOZZI.

WHAT signifies says some one, giving half-pence to common beggars? they only lay it out in gin or tobacco. "And why should they be denied such sweeteners of their existence (says Johnson?) it is surely very savage to refuse them every possible avenue to pleasure, reckoned too coarse for our own acceptance. Life is a pill which none of us can bear to swallow without gilding; yet for the poor we delight in stripping it still barer, and are not ashamed to shew even visible displeasure, if ever the bitter taste, is taken from their mouths." In consequence of these principles, he nursed whole nests of people in his house, where the lame, the blind, the sick, and the sorrowful found a sure retreat from all the evils whence his little income could secure them; and commonly spending the middle of the week at our house, he kept his numerous family in Fleet-street, upon settled allowance; but returned to them

every Saturday to give them three good dinners and his company before he came back to us on Monday night—treating them with the same, or perhaps more ceremonious civility than he would have done by as many people of fashion—making the holy scriptures thus the rule of his conduct, and only expecting salvation as he was able to obey its precepts.

For the WEEKLY MUSEUM.

A COUNTRY SEAT.

BESIDE a sloping hill, and shady grove,
Where chryſtal ſtreams in ſoft meanders flow,
Where jovial huntſmen through the foreſt rove,
And herbs and plants in wild diſorder grow:
Here on the margin of a tow'ring wood,
Betwixt the mountain and the verdant green,
A humble cot, and lowly hovel ſtood,
With ſtone pig-ſtye and hen-rooſt plac'd between,
Kennel, Kitchen, &c. cloſed the brilliant ſcene.

On beams of fir the rural manſion roſe,
With thatch of ſtraw for covering ſtrow'd aloof,
The humble earth ſerv'd all for their repoſe,
And ſpread in verdure far beneath the roof.
Here in the cloſe of each ſucceeding day,
The different tribes with equal zeal repair,
The worthy ſire his houſhold calls to pray,
And far away expels each trifling care;
Pigs, dogs, cows, hens and boys, all join in ſocial pray'r.

The ſervice ended, and their pray'rs all laid,
With one conſent the family retires,
Each makes the earth his pillow and his bed,
And deep in midnight melody reſpires:
The penſive ſwain that groan beneath their yokes,
In loſty ſtrains reverberate the ſkies;
The ſleepleſs nymph, her abſent ſwain invokes,
The ſcreaming infant joins his warbling cries;
Owls hoot, dogs growl, boys ſnore, and mow
the cat replies.

The morn ſucceeds the muſic of the night,
Shrill Chanticleer ſalutes the new born day;
The bonny milk-maid riſes with the light,
Her work to cloſe, and after noon to play;
The gen'rous dog obſequious to her will,
To waſh the pot with ardent zeal prepares;
Applies his tongue with all his wonted ſkill,
And in he tumbles, over head and ears;
Spot yells, cat ſqualls, mam ſcolds, and moſt Jemmy ſwearers.

Next comes the dance and muſic of the ſpheres,
With luſty lads and laſſes by their ſide,
Each ragged boy and tatter'd girl appears,
That ſcarce conceal what nature taught to hide;
The hungry ſwain harmonious treble ſqueals,
And ſhows his height of voice by length of face,
The ſqualling females join in thund'ring peals,
With all the clamor of the canine race;
While owls, and frogs, and crows, in concert
blow the baſs.

Such brilliant ſcenes poetic fancy forms,
Where Weſt-Point mountain's loſty ſummit riſe,
And ſtand ſecure amiſt the approaching ſtorms,
And dare the mut'ring thunder from the ſkies.
Where learning meets a patron in each ſcrub;
Where genius plucks the laurel wreath of praiſe;
Where ev'ry ſoul, from highlife down to grub,
Are firſt rate politicians now a days,
And ſwear, and fight, and drink, and wote with
noſe and eyes.

New-York, Jan. 4, 1792.

IGNIS FATUUS.

SLAVERY.

A Fragment.

DISGUISE thyſelf as thou wilt, ſtill Slavery!—Still thou art a bitter draught: And though thouſands in all ages have been made to drink of thee, thou art no leſs bitter on that account. "There are no ſlaves in Heaven!" ſaid my uncle, ſhutting up the book, after he had fetch'd a deep ſigh. The thought ſeemed to eaſe the good man's mind.—He took out his tobacco box, and began to fill his pipe—his countenance wore a brighter aſpect, and he ſeemed willing to change the ſubject of converſation, to ſome topic leſs painful. But his antagoniſt could not let him reſt in peace. "There are no ſlaves in Heaven!" echoed he, "what then will come of the Negroes?"—They will be our equals, I ſhould ſuppoſe, or our ſuperiors, ſaid my uncle. "They will!" exclaimed his antagoniſt, "a fine place Heaven will be indeed! What the Negroes be our equals! I ſhould rather chooſe to go to hell than to Heaven, if that is likely to be the caſe." You may perhaps have your choice, ſaid my uncle. A Negro, if he acts his part faithfully on the ſtage of life, has as good right to Heaven as his maſter, even if his maſter ſhould act his part well: And if his maſter behaves cruel, haughty, and moroſe to his ſervants, I think, a faithful ſlave, has the fairer title; and ſhall, if the ſcriptures are true, be exalted while his maſter ſhall be debaſed. I ſhould never be content to be a ſlave myſelf, continued my uncle.—Until I can reconcile myſelf to a ſtate of ſlavery, I cannot think it juſtifiable for me to make a ſlave of a fellow creature, endowed with faculties and feelings ſimilar to my own.—"But muſt we keep no ſlaves," ſaid his antagoniſt.—"Surely we may be allowed to keep them if we uſe them well.—Slavery has been allowed and permitted in all ages of the world.—The Iſraelites were allowed to keep ſlaves; the Romans kept ſlaves, and I ſee no reaſon why we ſhould not keep them; it is better for the Negroes to be ſlaves than to be free, they are not capable of taking care of themſelves."

My uncle lit his pipe.—The children of Iſrael, ſaid he, were a ſtiff necked and a hard-hearted people. Moſes, becauſe of the hardneſs of their hearts, ſuffered them to put away their wives; and it may be on that account that he ſuffered them to keep ſlaves. Other nations it is true have kept ſlaves, they have likewiſe practiſed many other vices and cruelties, but they have not alter'd the nature of them—murder and adultery are ſtill heinous crimes, although practiſed more or leſs, by every nation ſince the world began: To keep a perſon in ſlavery is, in my opinion, a crime: And the repetition of the crime can never leſſen the guilt; nor will the puniſhment be mitigated on account of the guilty. As to your doctrine, that the Negroes are incapable of taking care of themſelves, I cannot believe it to be true; I believe we had better let them try to take care of themſelves before we undertake to take care for them. My uncle ended his harangue—his antagoniſt made no reply—I took my hat, and bid them a good night.—"There are no ſlaves in Heaven," ſaid I, as I walked homeward.—Do the ſlave holders ever think of Heaven? Or if they think of Heaven, do they conſider who is like to inhabit there? Or if they think of theſe things, do they wiſh or expect to inhabit there themſelves? If they do, I am ſure they muſt lead miſerable lives, even in this world; what will be their ſituation in the next, is not my buſineſs to gueſs.

My uncle was reading STERN'S works.

A GREAT COAT.

FOUND yesterday, on the Freſh-water-pond. The owner proving property and paying expences may have it again by applying to the Printer.
New-York, Dec. 23, 1791.

MONDAY morning, about 4 o'clock, a terrible fire broke out in a frame house, in Front-street, near the Fly-Market, which in two hours entirely consumed 7 houses, and damaged a number of others, before it was extinguished. The Fly-Market was on fire several times, and the shipping at Taylor's and Brownjohn's wharves, were obliged to haul into the stream. The heat was so great, that several panes of the windows on the opposite side of the street were melted.

The following affecting circumstance is related by a person who was with Gen. St. Clair's army, in the action of the 4th of November last. There were with the American troops a number of white women who had attended them on the expedition. When the retreat was ordered, one of these women having a child in her arms, and being pursued by an Indian with a tomahawk, who she found must inevitably overtake her in a few minutes if she did not leave the child, the desire of self-preservation overcame the parental feeling of nature, and, stopping short for a moment, she placed the infant (being about a year old) on a stump, and immediately renewed her flight. The Indian rushed on, and in the attempt to kill an officer, who made a stand to save the woman, was shot dead on the spot. The woman escaped with the troops, but there is every reason to suppose that the child was tomahawked, or its brains dashed out, as it is not likely that the savages, upon such an occasion, found themselves in a humour to carry off an infant of a twelve month old, to their towns.

Copy of a letter from Lieut. Jeffers, dated Fort Franklin, the 26th Dec. 1791, by express to the commanding officer at Pittsburgh, or Major I. Irving, of the militia.

S I R,

I have this moment received authentic accounts from the —, that an attack on this garrison will almost immediately take place; for the Indians from below declare that they are determined to reduce this place, shake the — by the head, and sweep the river from end to end.

You are most earnestly requested, and if I have any authority, positively ordered, to send me without loss of time, one subaltern and thirteen men as a reinforcement, together with my men who have been left sick at Fort Pitt. Under this convoy, send me provisions to make five months rations for seventy men. This news is not fictitious; nor this letter to be trifled with. I have written to the minister of war; but his orders will come too late. I am, &c. J. JEFFERS.

Another letter from Lieut. Jeffers of the same date, to Mr. E. Williams, Contractor.

"I am happy to inform you that the cattle and salt arrived safe; the danger in this country is so great, that I sent soldiers and Indians to escort them. I am astonished Mr. Boud arrived safe: I have every reason to expect that nine times out of ten of so small a party will be cut off.—No time to be lost in sending five months provision, as one effort will answer for the whole."

From Col. George McCully, dated Fort Franklin, 26th December, 1791.

"By express this moment received from the —, he advises, that the women at this garrison be immediately sent to Pittsburgh for safety."

The express who was the bearer of these extracts, says, that a council of hostile Indians was then sitting at Buffalo Creek, and that the — was summoned to it. How far this information may be depended on, can only be judged from our late disasters.

N. B. These extracts arrived at Philadelphia the 28th ult. at 3 o'clock, P. M. by express.

Extract of a letter from Pittsburgh, Dec. 28.

"The inhabitants of this place are very much alarmed on account of some expresses which arrived last night from Venango; informing that — had been summoned to attend a council of the Seneca nation, and that Lieut. Jeffers, who has the command of Fort Franklin, desires immediate supply both of provisions and troops, expecting every moment, to be attacked by the warriors of that tribe. Unfortunately for us, the two companies which had been stationed here for some time past, had received orders to proceed down the Ohio, and on Tuesday or Wednesday last left this, so that we are at this moment without any manner of support. If immediate assistance is not given us, it will be impossible for the inhabitants to make any defence, as the Seneca warriors could in twenty-four hours come down the river, perhaps not less than 5 or 600, and we in the poor defenceless state we now are, could not muster more than 200 raw and undisciplined men.

"I hope, my dear friend, government may use the greatest exertions, for should this place fall, there will not a single inhabitant remain on this side of the mountain."

Pittsburgh, Dec. 24.—Thursday morning arrived here from Head-Quarters Fort-Washington, Capt. Guthrie and Lieut. Cummings, of the second regiment of levies. These gentlemen inform, that the hope entertained of Gen. Scott's going out with a party of Kentucky volunteers, to the place of the late unfortunate action, was now over, as some difficulties had occurred which prevented it: That Col. George Gibson, Major Butler, &c. who were supposed to be dangerously wounded were recovering, and that the report respecting Capt. Darke's death is false.

When these gentlemen left Head-Quarters, Gen. St. Clair was ill of the gout.

Baltimore, Jan. 3.—Last Saturday night, about 10 o'clock, a most distressing casualty took place at Mr. John Ellicott's Lower Mills, about eleven miles from this town.—As his only son Mr. John Ellicott, jun. an amiable young man, aged 21 years, possessing a Genius which promised to be honorable to himself and beneficial to his country, was pursuing his favourite philosophical investigations and experiments, a large wrought Iron Tube, with which he was trying (in a forge) the power of Steam, suddenly burst, with a noise like Thunder, and a Concussion resembling an Earthquake; by which incident he was instantly deprived of an arm, and so dangerously wounded in his Side, one of his ribs being broken and his lungs injured, that his recovery is extremely doubtful.—Being alone, in a Blacksmith's Shop, at a distance from his place of Residence, it was five hours before the said Catastrophe was discovered by his deeply afflicted relations.

A N E C D O T E.

A Chaplain in the army had been discoursing from that part of scripture history, which represents David as asserting the prowess of his youth, in attacking and defeating a lion and a bear. Like all military sermons, the doctrine was *Courage*. Says he, my hearers have courage, and when the haughty Briton, or the savage Hessian comes out against you, Do as David did, and then you need not fear Goliath. Up starts an old soldier, and says, Don't doubt my courage, Mr. Chaplain; but doubt your own.—It requires nothing but lungs to tell what David did; but the thing is, to do it. I'd have you to know, Sir, that in my day, I have killed an Indian, a Salamander, a Cub, and a Puppy, and now let Goliath, or any other Lion turn out against me if he dare.

LIST of Arrivals at the Port of New-York, from 1st of January, 1791, to 1st January, 1792.

Ships and Barks,	120
Snows and Brigs,	280
Galliotas,	1
Polacres,	1
Schooners,	158
Sloops,	158

Total from Foreign Ports, 718

Coasters, 1101

1819

By Oswald's paper of the 7th inst. the Arrivals at Philadelphia for the same period are,

Ships and Barks,	122
Snows and Brigs,	250
Galliotas,	
Polacres,	
Schooners,	78
Sloops,	117

Total from Foreign Ports, 567

Coasters, 694

1261

The GAMESTER.

TO cloak his views beneath a specious name,
And talk of pastime but in truth to game;
To kill whole nights in this most fordid vice;
To foam with anger, on the least caprice;
To mould his passions in wrath's bitter leav'n;
To blast his eyes; to curse the Lord of Heaven;
The aid of impious Demons to invoke;
To damn his soul and say "twas but a joke,"
Through thirst of Gold to throw his soul away,
That's what the modern world entitles—PLAY.

✂ BOB SHORT, Jun. came too late for insertion, or even acknowledgment, last week:—We should have inserted it this week, but that it appeared in one of the daily papers under a different signature.—The Printer again requests his corresponding friends to send their favours early in the week, at least before Friday.

JOHN GREENWOOD,
SURGEON DENTIST

And Operator for the Teeth,

Has Removed to No. 5, Vesey-street, side of St. Paul's Church,

WHOSE abilities is universally approved by seven years successful practice in this city. He transplants, makes and cleans the teeth as usual. Prices as follows:

Transplants teeth, 3 guineas each,
Grafts natural teeth, 3 dollars each,
Makes and fixes artificial teeth, from 8 to 20s. each,
Cleans the teeth, from 8 to 20s.

He has a peculiar method of fixing artificial teeth, which are not to be equalled by any other artificial teeth, as to beauty, firmness or durability.

Tooth powder, 2/6 per box.

N. B. Patent and all kinds of electrical machines, with medical and experimental apparatus for sale. Enquire as above, or at Mr. Clark Greenwood, mathematical instrument maker, No. 199, Water-street, opposite the Coffee-house.

WHEREAS Hannah Cook, wife of the Subscriber hath eloped from his bed and board, and otherways behaved in an unbecoming manner, these are therefore to forbid all persons trusting her on my account, as I shall not pay any debts of her contracting after this date. JOHN COOK.

New-York, Jan. 8, 1792.

The COURT of APOLLO.

S O N G.

Composed and sung at the festival of St. JOHN
the EVANGELIST, in Philadelphia,
By a Brother.

YE Gracious powers of choral song,
Attend; inspire your festive throng;
Let harmless mirth and frolic glee,
Dance sportive at our Jubilee.

We ask no sound of spear or shield,
No trophies of th' ensanguin'd field;
Let hope, let faith and charity,
Begin and end our Jubilee.

No savage warrior's scarlet name,
Shall e'er defile our roll of fame;
But peace, with white rob'd train we see,
Preluding at our Jubilee.

The heart that feels for widow'd woe,
The tears, for orphans pangs, that flow,
The voice which bids distrels to flee,
Shall celebrate in Jubilee.

Mercy, with early melting eye,
Stern Justice with her sword on high,
Shall both attendant angels be,
To guide, to guard our Jubilee.

Each Brother's soul shall rapturous swell,
Nor sorrow toll our sad'ning knell;
The voice, the hands, the heart by three,
Shall thrice repeat our Jubilee.

Then call from East to West the World,
The mystic banners are unfurl'd!
And O! departed ancients, see
From Heaven, and bless our Jubilee!

Lo! from his great or little store,
Each brother flies his mite to pour,
That men may still rejoice to see,
A Mason's lodge a Jubilee.

Then (round the circle) let the glass
(Yet in the square) convivial pals;
And when the sun winds o'er the lee,
Each lass shall have her Jubilee.

Be this the general, cordial toast,
(A wish that never should be lost)
That all the world may Masons be,
And live and love in Jubilee.

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

ANTHONY OGILVIE,

No. 3, Peck-Slip,

INFORMS his friends and the Public, that he
has removed from No. 18, Little Dock street,
to No. 3, Peck-Slip, where he continues to carry
on House and Sign painting, Gilding and Glazing
&c. He also paints mahogany, ebony and all
kind of wood colours, in marble and stone equal to
the colour of stone, in the neatest manner. And
he flatters himself that he will give general satis-
faction to those who may favour him with their
custom.

An APPRENTICE wanted to the above
business.

THE Subscriber, for particular reasons, is under
the disagreeable necessity of requesting such of
his Customers, whose accounts stand too long unset-
tled, to discharge them previous to the first of Janu-
ary next.

He hopes they will prevent his employing an Attor-
ney after that time. **CALEB HAVILAND.**
New-York Nov. 26, 1791.

THE MORALIST.

THAT to be great is to be happy, is one of
those errors which have almost in all ages
prevailed among the generality of mankind. But
that to be good is to be happy, is a secret reserved
for the wise and virtuous few, who are the grace
and ornament of themselves, their friends, and their
country.

An exalted station always brings with it a
weight of cares; and he is happier, who, in the
humble vale of life, pursues his way, in the paths
of reason and virtue, than he who soars the fa-
vors of a prince, or the applauses of a giddy mul-
titude.

A monarch, if he is a tyrant, must be in perpe-
tual fear of his subjects; if a good prince, he must
be involved in perpetual cares for them: Either
way he stands a chance never to taste of real hap-
piness; and those princes who have gone through the
world with the greatest eclat, have been ready to
declare, that the crown of gold was ever accompa-
nied by a crown of thorns; and that he who resolves
to gratify his ambition, must always expect to sa-
crifice his happiness.

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

The African.

THIS DAY IS PUBLISHED,

By William Durell No. 19, Queen-street,

The Interesting Narrative of

GUSTAVUS VASSA,
AN AFRICAN.

Giving an account of the manners of the na-
tives of Africa, their wars, mode of adminis-
tering justice, marriages, amusements, trade, pro-
duce of the country, &c. &c. &c.

Particularly in his own history; which is highly
interesting and entertaining; his first being taken
from Africa; his treatment on board ship; his
sufferings while a slave; beside a number of dan-
gerous voyages (particularly one to the North Pole)
his being converted to the Christian religion; his
education;—together with a number of interesting
particulars, which the compass of an advertisement
will not contain.

THE WHOLE WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

His LIKENESS will be given by way of Fron-
tispiece, handsomely engraved; also, a PLATE
representing his being shipwrecked at the Bahama
Banks. [Price One Dollar.]

New-York, Dec. 8, 1791.

LIVERY STABLES.

THE Subscriber informs his friends and the publi-
in general, that he has furnished himself with
two convenient stables, (the one in Slope Lane, in the
rear of the Bank, Hanover-Square; the other No. 1,
Berkly-Street, opposite to Messrs. Charles and James
Warners,) for the reception of Horses and Carri-
ages by the day, week, month or year, at the very low-
est prices. He has at the above stables, elegant Sad-
dle and carriage horses for sale: He likewise has, for
the convenience of Ladies and Gentlemen, elegant
Saddle Horses and Carriages to hire, at as low a
rate as any in this city. **Wm. WELLS.**

New-York, September 3, 1791.

N. B. At the above stables Gentlemen may have
their horses nicked in the newest and best manner,
and may depend upon having the strictest attention
paid them, as he has procured hands solely for that
purpose. 73 1/2

A SUM of MONEY FOUND.

WHOMEVER owns the same, by proving pro-
perty, and paying charges, may have it
again by applying to **CARSON DICKINSON.**
Dec. 28. No. 24, Catharine-Street.

SKINNER,

Surgeon Dentist,

WITH sentiments of gratitude acknowledges
the patronage he has hitherto been honor-
ed with in the line of his profession, and respect-
fully informs his friends and the public, that he
will assiduously study to merit every favor.

It is an indisputable truth that a clean, regular,
sound set of teeth, contribute greatly to the beau-
ty of the face, that they are indispensibly neces-
sary to the preservation of a clear and distinct pro-
nunciation, as well as useful in Mastication; Mr.
Skinner engages to furnish even those who have
been so unfortunate as to loose the whole of their
teeth with any number from a single tooth to a
complete whole set; those he transplants grow as
firm in the jaw as the original teeth, the artificers
are substituted without extracting the old stumps,
or giving the least pain in the operation.

He cleanses and restores the teeth to their ori-
ginal whiteness and the breath to its natural sweet-
ness, by removing the tartar, which by negligence
and inattention collects upon the teeth, insinuates
itself under the gums, separates them from the
teeth, eventually occasions their loosening and
falling out of the jaw, and is the first cause of in-
troducing those vitiated juices or scorbutic humors
commonly called the ferret, evils that ought to be
early noticed and remedied by all classes of people.

Mr. Skinner's intimate knowledge of the prac-
tice and remedies of one of the most eminent Den-
tists in London, enables him to give permanent re-
lief in a few minutes, from the most excruciating
pain proceeding from carious teeth without extract-
ing them, his very low charges (from what has
heretofore been demanded) for operations upon
the teeth, must be satisfactory (it is presumed) to
every person who pleases to consult him, he de-
mands no fee for performing any operation that
does not equal the most sanguine expectations.

SKINNER'S DENTIFRICE POWDER and
TINCTURE for the Teeth and Gums composed
of such medicinal preparations as are particularly
adapted to the preservation of those parts by per-
severing in the daily use of them, (after the tartar is
extracted) will give the teeth a beautiful whiteness,
preserve the gums in health, and the breath pure;
they are pleasant to the taste, and destructive to
nothing but disease. Sold by most of the apothec-
aries, stationers and perfumers in New-York,
and the proprietor, No. 27, John-Street, opposite
the Play House, with directions, price 2/6. each.

N. B. The indigent, afflicted with pain in
the teeth, will be relieved gratis.

New-York, August 15, 1791.

70 4t.

DANIEL CAMPION, TAYLOR,

No. 22, Water Street, opposite the Coffee-House,
RESPECTFULLY informs his friends and
the public in general, that he has received
by the late vessels from Europe, an elegant and
fashionable assortment of goods, well adapted to
the present season; all of which he will sell on
the most reasonable terms.

He takes this opportunity of returning his most
grateful thanks to his friends and such gentlemen
as have been pleased to honour him with their cus-
tom, and begs leave to inform them, that he car-
ries on, as usual, the Tailoring business in the
most extensive manner and will be happy to exe-
cute their commands, with neatness and quick
dispatch.

Printing in General,

Executed at this Office,

With neatness, accuracy and dispatch,
on as low terms as any in this city.